DEATH THREATS: VARIOUS PLOTS DRAWER 13A

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The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln

Death Threats: Various Plots

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources

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71.2009.085.03263

LINCOLN LETTERS TO SAMUEL HAYCRAFT

The New York Herald printed a portion of the above letter infering that interests in Kentucky were trying to inveigle Mr Lincoln into Kentucky in order to assinate him. Mr. Lincoln repudiated this story by the following letter to Mr. Haycraft.

Springfield, Ill. Aug 26, 1860

Hon. Samuel Haycraft
My Dear Sir;

Yours of the 19th is just received. I now fear that I may have given you some uneasiness by my last letter. I did not mean to intimate that I had to any extent been involved or inbarrassed by you, nor yet to draw from you anything to releive myself from difficulty. My only object was to assure you that I had not as represented by the Herald correspondent, charged you with an attempt to inveigle me into Kentucky to do me violence. I beleive no such thing of you or of Kentuckians generally, and I dislike to be represented to them as slandering them in that way. Yours Truly

A. Lincoln

Springfield, Ill. Aug. 16, 1860

Hon. Samuel Haycraft
Elizabethtown, Ky.

My Dear Sir;

A correspondent of the new York Herald, who was here a week writing to that paper, represents me as saying I have been invited to visit Kentucky, but that I suspected it was a trap to inveigle me into Kentucky in order to do violence to me.

This is wholly a mistake. I said no sauch thing. I do not remember but I possibly did mention my correspondence with you, but very certainly I was not guilty of stating or intimating a suspicion of any intended violence, deception, or any other wrong by you or any other Kentuckian.

Thinking this Herald correspondent must reach you, I think it due to myself to enter my protest against this part of it.

I scarcely think the correspondent was malicious, but rather that he misused what was said.

Yours verytruly,
A. Lincoln

Springfield Ill.
Aug. 16, 1860

Hon. George G. Fogg:

My dear sir: I am annoyed some by the printed paragraph below in relation to myself, taken from the N.Y.Herald's correspondence from this place of August 6th.

"He had , he said , on one occasion been invited to go into Kentucky and revisit some of the scenes with whose history his father in his lifetime had been identified. On asking by letter whether Judge Lynch would be present, he received no response; and he therefore came to the conclusion that the invitation was a trap laid by some designing person to inveigle him into a slave state for the purpose of doing violence to his person."

This is decidedly wrong. I did not say it. I do not impunge the correspondent. I suppose he misconceived the statement from the following incident. Soon after the Chicago nomination, I was written to by a highly respectable gentleman of Hardin County, Kentucky. inquiring if I was a son of Thomas Lincoln, whom he had known long ago in the county. I answered that I was and that I was myself born there. He wrote again and among other things, (did not invite me) but simply inquired if it would not be agreeable to me to revisit the scenes of my childhood. I replied among other things. "Indeed it would but would you not Lynch me?" He did not write again.

I have playfully (and never otherwise) related this incident several times; and I suppose I did so to the Herald Correspondent, though I do not remember it. If I did it is all that I did say from which the correspondent could have referinferred his statement.

Now, I dislike, exceedingly, for Kentuckians to understand that I am charging them with a purpose to inveigle me and do violence to me. Yet I cannot go into the newspapers. Would not the editor of the Herald, upon being shown this letter insert the short correction which you find on the enclosed scrap.

Please try him unless you perceive some sufficient reason to the contrary. In no event let my name be publicly used.

Yours very truly

A. Lincoln

Collection of Mr. Judd Stewart

Death Threats

Plot Discovered to Burn Willard's Hotel—Lincoln and Old Scott Badly Scared.

ALEXANDRIA, April 20.—A plot to burn Willard's Hotel, at Washington, was discovered last night. Fifteen bundles of inflammable material were found distributed in various parts of the building, with slow matches attached.

Cassius M. Clay and seventy-five border ruffians are quartered at Willard's, and it is supposed the plot was to exterminate these scoundrels.

Abe Lincoln and Old Scott have been frightened out of seven years growth.—They are hourly expecting that the White House and other public buildings will be blown to pieces.

The citizens generally partakes of the alarm, and women and children are fast leaving the place.

All along the line of railroad from Alexandria to Richmond, the troops are drilling, and the Confederate flag is flying.

The war spirit in Virginia is now thoroughly aroused, and the Capitol must soon fall into the hands of our troops.

A band of seventy-five border ruffians are quartered in the east room of the White House at Washington, and great indignation is expressed at such a desecration.

TO KIDNAP LINCOLN.

AN INTERESTING STORY BY AN EX-CONFEDERATE SPY.

Exciting Details of an Effort Which Would Have Shocked the World if Successful—How It Came to Be a Failure.

1892

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September of 1864 had dawned upon the battling armies far down along the Chickahominy and palpably the military power of the South was on the wane. Stand after stand was the Confederate chieftain making, only to find a day or two later that his stand was untenable. Those Northern soldiers seemed like myriads of sea sands suddenly transformed into giants and then sent dashing against the "rebel" ranks. Well fed, well clothed and paid for service, the conditions on the one hand! Half starved, in rags and no hope of better things, on the other! Even in weapons and ammunition an unequal contest, and the end seemed near at hand. Fresh armies to aid the Confederate cause could no longer be expected. The flower of the South, almost to the last man, had already been under arms for years, and what help there was for the situation must come from within. Without aid was blackness and despair. One shrewd move, a skillful capture of somebody high in Federal authority, and the advantage then gained might equalize the struggle. Why was it not possible to capture Lincoln himself, take him into Confederate lines and hold the Northern President as a hostage for peace? If such a plan were successful there could be no doubt that the war would be at an end in a few weeks, and who could tell but that the South might gain in the treaty much, if not all, that had been left to the arbitrament of arms during the past three and a half years.

That was the way we mused then, but in what a different light matters appear now. Even had we succeeded in capturing Mr. Lincoln or any two or three members of his Cabinet besides, a child could conclude in the light of subsequent events that the move would have accomplished no tangible good to the Confederacy. The scheme was nothing more than a wild, visionary longing "to do something," anything which had about it a ray of promise for future results; but at that time it was big with hope, anyway, and full of enthusiasm, I started from Richmond on the kidnapping expedition.

I was not unmindful of the fact that a thousand dangers and difficulties lurked in the way, and that similar excursions had always come to naught. At different times during the war schemes for capturing Lincoln and taking him to Richmond as a prisoner had been planned more than once, and some of Mosby's men, who conceived the idea, were the ringleaders. But plans invariably miscarried from different causes, and an open attempt was never made. Here I desire to say that to the best of my knowledge and belief President Davis and his Cabinet were never cognizant of these schemes to capture Lincoln; in fact, the only time the subject was ever broached to the Confederate President he expressed his disapproval so strongly that to this more than anything was due the abandonment of the scheme. This happened when an attempt was about to be made by Mosby's men directly after the Gettysburg campaign, and the facts of the case were told me by Secretary of War Sedden, when I asked his assistance to further my especial project, which had its origin among a few South Carolina officers in Hampton's Cavalry, and with whom I was accustomed to fraternize when in camp.

Neither was the Confederate Cabinet officially, or otherwise, as far as I know, informed of the latest scheme to kidnap. Mr. Sedden was perhaps the only member directly cognizant of it, and even he was opposed to the move at first. On my representations, however, he finally gave his consent to the measure as perfectly justifiable in war times, but with the stipulation that no violence should be used in any event. We must endeavor to effect the capture at our own risk, he said, and any unnecessary acts of ugliness on our part would have been visited with severe punishment from the Confederate authorities, if we managed to get outside of Yankee lines with whole heads.

Two associates—Montjoy Cloud and Norton, the latter of whom was already in Federal employ as a detective—and myself determined to accomplish the plan, if possible, and with this in view commenced the arrangements, to which Mr. Sedden was now willing to lend a hand. I knew well that if we succeeded, rapid transportation of the captive was necessary, and the situation would certainly call for the promptest co-operation. Mr. Sedden was, therefore, requested to furnish me with an order on Colonel Mosby for assistance, should I need it, and whatever aid could be rendered by Lieutenant Cawood, the gallant young officer who had charge of the Confederate signal station on the Lower Potomac. The Secretary never hesitated, but at once issued the following:

CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA. WAR DEPARTMENT, RICHMOND, Va., Sept. 15, 1864.—Lieutenant Colonel Mosby and Lieutenant Cawood are hereby directed to aid and facilitate the movements of Captain Conrad.

JAMES A. SEDDEN,
Secretary of War.

This was the order that laid the train and prepared my way to accomplish something which history records nothing about, because it failed of execution. Had that little detail of three men succeeded in their purpose, we should have unmade history, and who can tell? Perhaps the dark tragedy at Ford's Theater would never have been known; and who is prophet enough to judge what might have been the turn of political events; and what new nations might not now exist on this continent had Lincoln ever been taken across the Potomac unwillingly? The question affords an immense field for speculation that will never see realization, but is a vastly interesting matter for the thoughtful to contemplate in passing, nevertheless. Mosby was never informed of the contents of the order which I carried from Mr. Sedden, nor was Lieutenant Cawood until long after the scheme's failure. We had determined that a too premature disclosure might somehow lead to discovery of the plan among the Federal authorities and thwart it, and besides for a day after the proposed capture we had no doubt of being able to attend to the affair without additional aid. So, being assured that none of our party ever divulged what had been planned, I could never get an inkling of the real truth—why and under what circumstances Mr. Lincoln received warning in time—until a comparatively recent date. But the reasons will appear and the thwarting of our plan prove to have been due to an entirely different scheme from our own.

Ten days after securing the order from the War Department at Richmond I had reached Washington safely and begun to reconnoiter the White House. To capture a man like the President of the United States would be no easy task at any time, and much less so when the capital where he resided was thronged with foes, a fact he knew well; and no man could tell when a hostile move in the dark might come. I had to learn Mr. Lincoln's customary movements first, then plan accordingly afterward. Lafayette Square, only a stone's throw north of the White House entrance, was the very place I needed as vantage ground. Partly concealed by the large trees of the park, I found no difficulty in observing the official ingress and egress; noting about what hours of the day he might venture forth; size of the accompanying escort, if any; and all other details, to be thoroughly informed about which would leave no stone unturned to avoid, possibly foil, our attempt.

Lafayette Square was always a favorite resort in summer for Washington, and my presence there at any hour of the day excited no comment or suspicion. I had company in plenty. Being already acquainted with the fact that Mr. Lincoln made the Soldiers' Home on the northern outskirts of the city his summer residence, I had only to discover when he left the White House; how long he was accustomed to stay, and the route he took in riding or driving. Hours and days of watching were necessary before I learned that he usually left the President's quarters in the cool of the evening on pleasant days, driving and unaccompanied in his private carriage straight out Fourteenth street to Columbia road, then across to the high elevation, which is now the largest and one of the finest reservations in Washington.

Then came the tug of war. We had to determine at what point it would be most expedient to capture the carriage and take possession of Mr. Lincoln; and then whether to move with him through Maryland to the Lower Potomac and cross, or to the Upper Potomac and deliver the prisoner to "Mosby's Confederacy" for transportation to Richmond. To secure the points necessary for reaching a proper conclusion about all these things required days of careful work and observation. Were the chances of our being intercepted by one route less than by the other? And once that point settled, could we reach the Confederate lines more quickly than any other course? Having scouted the country pretty thoroughly, and learning all that we thought necessary, we finally concluded to take the Lower Potomac route and were about ready for the attempt. This was to be the programme: Two of our number, Norton and myself, were to be well mounted and armed, and follow the President's carriage from the moment it turned into Fourteenth street until a point was reached on the Columbia road where the drive ran along between the trees of a dense wood, just outside of the Soldiers' Home grounds and a short distance to the west. The third member of the party, Cloud, was to drive a close vehicle in our rear, keeping well up, and by the time the designated spot was reached the coming darkness, we thought, would aid the work in preventing our movements from being observed. It was all planned out to the last detail, and the minute the driver of Mr. Lincoln's equipage passed into the forest he should be made to stop by means of a pistol at his head, and Mr. Lincoln, served in a similar manner, would be compelled to cross from his carriage to the close vehicle. Our third man in the capacity of a coachman was then to drive with all possible speed along the country roads through Maryland and to the point on the east shore of the Potomac, where it would be an easy matter to signal Lieutenant Cawood and his men and conduct the captured hostage through our lines to Richmond. By driving around the north of Washington, so as to avoid crossing the navy yard bridge, where capture of the expedition would have been a foregone conclusion, we could see no special obstacle, and in less than 24 hours we should have our prize safely across the disputed territory. As the President's driver and carriage were to have been detained by Norton and myself during the night, no other difficulty interposed. Mr. Lincoln, bound and gagged in the close vehicle, would have been safe enough from causing trouble, and as his own carriage was not expected at the White House until morning, and its non-arrival at the Soldiers' Home would have awakened no inquiry, we felt secure in the belief that the author of the emancipation proclamation was almost as good as in our hands.

Everything was now arranged and a Saturday afternoon fixed upon as the time. We must still be on the alert, though, and keep track of any possible new developments. So my old seat in Lafayette Square again came into use, and quite steadily, too. Every day I eagerly watched the White House to see whether the President still continued his lonesome drives and could be reasonably counted upon to meet us on Saturday. Not an obstacle appeared so far, and we were nerving ourselves for the ordeal to come on the morrow, when imagine our surprise that Friday afternoon, as the President's carriage came moving out of the grounds of the White House and a squad of Federal cavalry galloped up and surrounded the equipage as escort. The new wrinkle struck us all of a heap, and on recovering from the shock the first question naturally was: "How came this scheme to be discovered?"

On the following morning a paragraph appeared in a city paper stating that it had been learned by the authorities that an attempt to kidnap the President was in contemplation, for which reason a cavalry escort was detailed to guard him safely to and from his summer home. This move, as I remember, attracted much attention in the North at the time, and was severely criticised by public journals unfriendly to Lincoln. But the particular reason therefor was never made public, and for years I was unable to enlighten myself regarding the publication in that Washington paper. I was positive none of our trio divulged the plan we had formulated, and the only solution of the mystery seeming at all possible was that others at the very same time were making the identical arrangements we were, and some of their number had betrayed the secret.

Of course, the cavalry escort defeated our object, and the wise precaution of somebody prevented Mr. Lincoln's being kidnapped. That somebody, as I now know, was Colonel Baker of the Government Detective Bureau, and the solution of the mystery which I hit

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upon then seems to have been the correct one, as I have since learned from Colonel W. H. Crook, who was at that time an executive clerk in the White House, and has held the position continuously through all the line of Presidents from Lincoln's first term. Again it was my bold comrade in arms, Colonel Mosby, or at least some of his men, who proved responsible for the unsuccessful termination of our expedition. A half-dozen of those daring riders had secretly made their way into Washington, with the avowed purpose of capturing Mr. Lincoln themselves, regardless of any other schemes on the same head, and perhaps not "dreaming that anybody else had the nerve and effrontery to attempt such a thing. Their plan was to take Mr. Lincoln prisoner about the same time and place we had determined upon, and then spirit him in a close carriage to the old Van Ness house after dark. From there it ought to be a comparatively easy matter to get across the Potomac in a row-boat and make tracks for Mosby's stamping ground at the head of the Shenandoah Valley.

But the blandishments of John Barleycorn were more than those thirsty warriors in butternut could withstand. The bar at Brown's Hotel, now the Metropolitan, in Pennsylvania avenue, speedily became their headquarters, and a generous quantity of genuine Virginia distilled corn was theirs also. The latter article was as nonconducive to keeping secrets then as now, and one of the secret men swarming over the city had soon found an inkling of what those fellows were whispering about. The cavalrymen managed to get out of town safely after concluding that the scheme was not practical, but the detective's report of the matter to Colonel Baker, Colonel Crook says, led to the escort in question being ordered the next day and Lincoln was saved only to be assassinated six months later. These seem to be the facts of the case, and the story which gained circulation after Mr. Lincoln's death—that Booth and his fellow-conspirators were the men at that time planning a kidnapper's work—appears to have as little foundation as the dozen other yarns in the same connection. In fact, Booth was never shown to have contemplated the capture or assassination until the winter following our unsuccessful job, and there is every reason to believe no evidence in that direction was produced simply because there was none.

J WRIGHT

LAMON

Warned Lincoln of Assassination.

From the Washington Post.

Just as vividly as if it were yesterday do I remember the night on which President Lincoln was shot. It should be remembered that there were many rumors current toward the close of the war of plots to assassinate President Lincoln. Among many others, Mr. Ward H mon was especially anxious on his account the eve of his departure for Richmond he urged upon Mr. Usher, the Secretary of the Interior, to persuade Mr. Lincoln to exercise extreme caution, and to go out as little as possible while he was absent. Mr. Usher went with him to see Mr. Lincoln, and when about to leave he asked him if he would make him a promise. He asked what it was, and said that he thought he could venture to say he would. He wanted Mr. Lincoln to promise that he would not go out after night while he was gone, particularly to the theatre. Lincoln turned to Mr. Usher and said: "Usher, this boy is a monomaniac on the subject of my safety. I can hear him or hear of his being around, at all times of the night to prevent somebody from murdering me. He thinks I shall be killed, and we think he is going crazy." He then added: "What does any one want to assassinate me for? If any one wants to do so, he can do it any day or night, if he is ready to give his life for mine. It is nonsense."

Mr. Usher then said: "Mr. Lincoln, it is well to listen and give heed to Lamon. He is thrown among people that give him opportunities to know more about such matters than we can know."

He then renewed his request, standing with his hat in his hand, ready to start.

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "I promise to do the best I can toward it." He then cordially shook hands and said, "Good-by. God bless you." That was the last time he ever saw his friend.

Study: Lincoln was slain after other plots failed

By Zack Nauth
The Los Angeles Times

WASHINGTON — Abraham Lincoln's assassination 120 years ago was not the action of a crazed Southern sympathizer acting alone, but the result of John Wilkes Booth's "mistaken sense of duty" after elaborate Confederate military plans to kidnap the president or blow up the White House failed, researchers said Monday.

Abraham Lincoln

The reinterpretation of events surrounding Lincoln's April 14, 1865, assassination, detailed in a study that has not yet been published, challenges assumptions that Booth was an aberration and theorizes instead that he and other Confederate agents were well-funded and working full time in Washington.

The Civil War researchers contend that the Confederate government developed a campaign in the waning weeks of the war — including a planned attack on Lincoln or the White House —which they believed would have ensured at least a stalemate.Later the Confederacy, seeking to avoid any direct links between itself and Booth, encouraged speculation that the assassin's actions were an aberration.

"The South won the battle of disinformation," said James O. Hall, a historian who is believed to have the largest single collection of Lincoln documents.

The study was prepared by Hall, a former Department of Labor official; William A. Tidwell, a retired Central Intelligence Agency officer and Army intelligence general; and Department of Defense analyst David W. Gaddy. Their hypothesis was pieced together from evidence gathered from existing and newly discovered documents.

The researchers contend that Confederate operations by agents such as Booth under a clandestine campaign in Washington were to be coordinated with last-ditch military manuevers by Confederate Gen. Robert E. Lee.

The study notes that the assassination was pointless from a military standpoint because Lincoln was shot four days after Lee surrendered. But it said that Lee's withdrawal cut off communication to Booth and that the assassin was "left hanging," not knowing that an attack was no longer needed to win the war.

Evidence suggests that Booth was originally recruited to help kidnap Lincoln on March 17, 1865, on his way to a meeting. However, the study said, an aide went in Lincoln's place, foiling the plan.

Booth was then directed to help blow up the White House in conjunction with Lee's retrenchment effort, the study added, but an explosives expert who was sent from Richmond on April 1 to help carry out the attack was captured nine days later.Sometime after April 12, Booth began to plan the attack on Lincoln as the "only method left to him to carry out his mission," the study contended.

The Times Washington correspondent says that information has been laid before the proper authorities that an organized band of five hundred men have sworn that Mr. Lincoln shall never sleep in the White House. The band will occupy a position near Mr. Lincoln on the inauguration day. One of them will shoot him with an air-gun, whilst the crowd around will render detection impossible.

SENSATIONAL ARRESTS AND PROSECUTIONS.

The federal government has caused the arrest of four citizens of Reading, Pa.—Mr. Philip Huber being the principal of them, as alleged by the government witnesses—on the charge of being concerned in a secret organization to resist the draft, abduct the President, start a Northwestern Confederacy, and other vast, treasonable, black and desperate designs. A government detective professes to have discovered this hideous conspiracy, by hiding under the straw in a barn where the conspirators were assembled; but upon an examination before the U. S. Commissioner at Philadelphia, this willing witness was obliged to own that these dangerous conspirators *took an oath to sustain the Constitution of the United States;* and that Mr. Huber stated the initiation fee of one dollar was to raise money to *test the constitutionality* of the Conscription Act. These two facts are quite sufficient to explode the whole theory of the government prosecution, and convict the prosecutors of being engaged in very dirty business. The parties have been held to bail, for re-examination on May 4th.

STORIES OF A. LINCOLN.

JUDGE USHER'S REMARKABLE TALE.

How the Hand of an Assassin Was Stayed by One of Old Abe's Yarns—Other Anecdotes of the Lamented President.

Judge Usher, of Lawrence, Kan., relates this incident: After Paine was imprisoned for his attempted assassination of Seward, he for a long time kept a stoical silence. But one day, after his sentence, he broke into tears as he made his sorrowful confession to General Eckert. Among other things he said about this: "I was appointed to assassinate Lincoln, and fully intended to do so. Everybody knew his custom was to go over to the War Department after all the duties of the day were over for the latest news from the seat of war, and I expected to shoot him on one of these trips. But after I took the contract he did not go over at nights for two weeks, and I was reprimanded, so I determined to find an opportunity. I stood behind a tree the night after my reprimand, when Mr. Lincoln and another gentleman unexpectedly passed me. I waited for their return. As they passed Mr. Lincoln was telling a story, of which I caught a sentence. I followed with my pistol cocked, but waited to hear the rest of the story." Then he related the story. "The delay saved him, for they were soon joined by others, which prevented my shooting. It was a night when the sheet-ice on the ground made so much noise it was not easy to hear."

By this and the particular story mentioned General Eckert identified the night as one on which he had accompanied Mr. Lincoln to and from the War Department.

In the fall of 1862 I was sent (by Governor Tod) with Governor Dennison, John A. Gurley and Lars Anderson as a committee to Washington to inform Mr. Lincoln of the threatening of the border. At the White House we were informed he was at the cottage at the Soldiers' Home. We drove out there and found Mr. Lincoln had gone to bed. I sent him a card stating our business, and we were taken up-stairs. We were informed that Mr. Lincoln would see us in a few minutes. He soon followed the messenger. Mr. Lincoln had on only his drawers, shirt, slippers without socks, and a long *robe de chambre*. He sat down, crossed his long limbs, then threw his robe over him. He dissipated any ideas of royalty we might have had. We then told him our business; among other things I told him if the rebels knew how exposed we were they would soon be upon us.

We had no trained soldiers, and we had rebels in our midst whose treacherous communications might bring the South upon us any day.

When we had finished Mr. Lincoln said: "Well, what would you advise?"

"Advise, Mr. President! We did not come here to advise the President of the United States; we came here only to tell."

"Well, what would you do if you were I?"

I said: "Mr. President, as you ask me, I will tell you what we have thought. We need gunboats on the Ohio and the border states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois should be organized into one military department and put under the control of a good soldier and sensible man. And, further, if the soldiers could be sent when recruited to Cincinnati, and drawn from there as needed, it would at least afford us the appearance of defense, and restore the feeling of security to our citizens."

Mr. Lincoln replied: "I will think of your first suggestion, but I have tried the camp business and I do not like it. It is all draw out and no put in. I do not like it. I have no regiments to put there. The fact is I do not carry any regiments in my trousers pocket."

He then gave us a card to the Secretary of the Navy, to whom we repeated the story next day. The Secretary replied superciliously: "This department is differently informed."

A current story in Washington circles even yet is that at the funeral of Colonel Baker Mrs. Lincoln wore a lilac silk dress with bonnet and gloves to match. She was much ridiculed at the time by the papers, and Washington society circles felt outraged. So much was said of it that ladies who wished her well at last persuaded an intimate friend of Mrs. Lincoln's to tell her of the impropriety. The friend went to see her barely worked up to the point of remonstrance.

Mrs. Lincoln met her in the vestibule, exclaiming: "I am so glad you have come. I am just as mad as I can be. Mrs. Crittenden has just been here to remonstrate with me for wearing my lilac suit to Colonel Baker's funeral. I wonder if the women of Washington expect me to muffle myself up in mourning for every soldier killed in this great war?"

The lady here said: "But, Mrs. Lincoln, do you not think black more suitable to wear at a funeral because there is a great war in the nation?"

"No, I don't; I want the women to mind their own business; I intend to wear what I please."

Further remonstrance was not offered.

After one of the receptions at the White House Judge Peck was walking up and down the east-room with Mr. Lincoln, who looked exceedingly sad and every now and then threw out his arm with a pathetic gesture. The Judge said: "Mr. President, may I inquire what distresses you to-night?" "Oh, Judge," he said, as he clasped closer the Judge's arm, "this is Friday, black Friday, hangman's day. The day they execute farmers' boys for falling asleep at their posts down on the Potomac. If I say anything they say I interfere with army discipline. Oh, I can't bear it; I can't bear it."

Once I heard certain politicians advise him to prevaricate on a certain subject. He said: "Now, gentlemen, it is of no use, I can't lie; I've tried it, and I always make a failure."

After I had been in Washington some time my husband, an army officer, was ordered to Hilton Head, and I desired to follow him. I applied to Mr. Stanton for permission to do so and was refused. I told Mr. Lincoln, and he wrote me this note:

DEAR STANTON—Mrs. —— is a personal friend of mine, and if not very dangerous to the public welfare I wish you would give her a permit to visit her husband. LINCOLN.

The permit was refused.

I remained in Washington till near the close of the war. About November, before the assassination, Judge Peck went to Mr. Lincoln, who was staying out at the cottage, and said: "Mr. President, General Hunter and I both feel uneasy to have you here without a guard."

"Now, Peck," said he, "no one wants to kill me; Hamlin is a great deal worse than I am. He's a black abolitionist. What good would my death do anybody? Besides, I can't always be thinking of death. Our soldiers look the grim monster in the face daily; why shouldn't I? Now you want me to ride with six of those tall fellows to the front of me, and six to the rear, like old Frederick, I suppose?"

"Yes, and six on each side of you, too, for that matter. Now, Mr. Lincoln, if you don't object, we shall place an unobtrusive guard over you."

It was done; no one feared assassination, only abduction was anticipated. The result is well known.

THE REAL LINCOLN

INTIMATE RECOLLECTIONS AND ANECDOTAL REMINISCENCES.

Plots Against Mr. Lincoln's Life—His Narrow Escape from Assassination on the Day of His Second Inauguration.

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The fact that we have in this country a literature of assassination, "voluminous and vast," suggests a melancholy reflection on the disordered spirit of the times through which we have passed, and on the woeful perversity of human nature even under conditions most favorable to intellectual progress and Christian civilization. It is hurtful to our pride as Americans to confess that our history is marred by records so repugnant to the spirit of our liberal institutions and to the good fellowship which ought to characterize both individual and national life in a free republic. But the appalling fact remains that two of our chief magistrates, within as many decades, were murdered in cold blood, and that bulky volumes have been filled with circumstantial accounts of plots and conspiracies by and against men born upon our soil and enjoying the full protection of our laws. And yet, voluminous and extensive as these records are, they are by no means complete.

One most daring attempt upon the life of Mr. Lincoln, the boldest of all attempts of that character, and one which approached shockingly near to a murderous success, was never made public. For prudential reasons details were withheld from the press, but as the motives which imposed silence respecting a strange freak of homicidal frenzy are no longer operative, it is perhaps a matter of duty to make public the story, together with certain documents which show in what deadly peril Mr. Lincoln stood during the ceremonies attending his second inauguration at the capitol in March, 1865. A glance at prior conspiracies will lead to a better understanding of the event to which these documents relate.

The first conspiracy, from motives of policy, had for its object the abduction of President Buchanan. There was intense disgust on the part of certain fiery and ferocious leaders in the secession movement with the conservative temper of the executive and ruling members of his cabinet. After fruitless attempts to bully the administration into a change of policy in harmony with his revolutionary scheme, Mr. Wigfall, some time in the month of December, 1860, formed a plan for kidnaping Mr. Buchanan. A number of desperate men were banded together by him at Washington, and the details of the plot were discussed and agreed upon. The plan was to spirit Mr. Buchanan away, install Mr. Breckenridge in the White House, and hold the captive president as a hostage until terms of compromise could be proposed to conservative democrats and republicans in the north. Mr. Wigfall and other choice spirits had no doubt that their plan of accommodation could be enforced through the ad interim executive. The scheme, however, could not be executed, in its first stage, without the concurrence and co-operation of Mr. Floyd, who threw Wigfall into a paroxysm of explosive wrath by flatly refusing to have anything to do with the enterprise. It was accordingly abandoned, so far as Mr. Buchanan was concerned.

The much talked of attempt to assassinate Mr. Lincoln during his passage through Baltimore was not the work of the Wigfall coterie, as an organized body of conspirators; but of that affair I can not speak now, as it will require a separate paper to balance conflicting accounts already published, and to determine the measure of real danger involved, and the claims of various gentlemen to special credit for services in a supposed emergency.

When Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated, in March, 1861, the organization of plotters was still intact; but no plan of assassination had, as yet, received the sanction of the conspirators as a body. It was their purpose to kidnap Mr. Lincoln and hold him in captivity, without injury to his person, until such concessions were made to the southern leaders as their plan of compromise rendered necessary. This second scheme of abduction having proved as abortive as the first, ripened at length into a more deadly purpose. Some of the more desperate among the conspirators, exasperated by repeated failures, resolved to dispose of Mr. Lincoln by the swifter and surer means afforded by the dagger or the bullet.

Circumstances, in a surprising way, seemed to favor their murderous designs. Against the protest of his friends, who, by detective means, had obtained from the plotters many of their secrets, Mr. Lincoln made the Soldiers' home his summer residence. Abduction or assassination—either could be accomplished without difficulty, the conspirators thought. They resolved upon the latter. They would dispatch him during one of his lonely rides after nightfall from the White House to his summer retreat. The attempt was made. About 11 o'clock one night in August, 1862, a miscreant lurked near the roadway watching for the president of the United States. It was at the foot of the hill, where the road turns into the home grounds. Immersed in deep thought a man or horseback, unattended and wholly unconscious of impending danger, was moving along at a jogging gait. He was recognized; there was a loud report, and a hissing ball passed very near the rider's head. "Old Abe," as I called the noble animal, sprang forward and bore Mr. Lincoln in safety to the Soldiers' home. He had narrowly escaped death.

The circumstances of this midnight adventure were related to me by Mr. Lincoln the next morning with the strangest mixture of gravity and humor that ever fell from the lips of man. It had been impossible to induce him to forego these lonely and dangerous journeyings between the executive mansion and the home. A stranger to fear, he often eluded our vigilance, and before his absence could be noted he would be well on his way to his summer residence, alone and many times at night. The vigilance, the anxiety, and the painful apprehensions of his friends will appear in the following extract from a memorandum written by Robert Lamon, who was deputy marshal of the District of Columbia during the war:

"In the early part of the night my brother came to me and asked me to join him in search for Mr. Lincoln. He was greatly disturbed. We drove rapidly toward the Soldiers' home, and as we were leaving the Seventh street road we met a carriage. Behind it we could see in the darkness a man on horseback. My brother, who seemed unusually suspicious, commanded the party to halt. His order was instantly obeyed. 'Who are you?' he demanded in the same peremptory tone. A voice from within the carriage responded, 'Why do you ask?' The speakers recognized each other. The one in the carriage was Secretary Stanton, and the man behind it was one of his orderlies. 'Where is Mr. Lincoln?' asked Stanton. 'I have been to the Soldiers' home and he is not there. I am exceedingly uneasy about him. He is not at the White House?' 'No,' said my brother, 'he is not there; I have looked for him everywhere.' We hurried back to the city. Arriving at the White House before Mr. Stanton we found Mr. Lincoln walking across the lawn. My brother went with him to the war department, and from there took him to his (Lamon's) house, where Mr. Lincoln slept that night and the three or four nights following, Mrs. Lincoln being at that time in New York."

My anxiety about Mr. Lincoln that evening grew out of a report of an alarming character made to me by one of my detectives. Stanton had threatening news also, and was excited about Mr. Lincoln's safety. He told me that he never had so great a scare in his life as he had that night. The brusque secretary imagined that Bob and I were assassins. The incident provoked much merriment between the parties concerned, no one enjoying the serio-comic part of it more than did Mr. Lincoln.

Meanwhile the conspirators, becoming alarmed for their own safety, observed a stricter caution. Their movements were embarrassed by the escort of cavalry which Mr. Lincoln was induced to accept after prolonged importunities by those who had certain knowledge of the dangers to which he was exposed. Lost opportunities, baffled hopes, exasperating defeats served only to heighten the deadly determination of the plotters, and so matters drifted on until the day of Mr. Lincoln's second inauguration. A tragedy was planned for that day which has no parallel in the history of criminal audacity, if considered as nothing more than a crime intended. Its consummation would have been immeasurably more tragical than the awful scene witnessed at Ford's theater on the memorable 14th of April following.

Everybody knows what throngs assemble at the capitol to witness the imposing ceremonies attending the inauguration of a president of the United States. It is amazing that any human being could have seriously entertained the thought of assassinating Mr. Lincoln in the presence of such a concourse of citizens. And yet there was such a man in that assemblage. He was there for the single purpose of murdering the illustrious leader who for the second time was about to assume the burden of the presidency. That man was John Wilkes Booth. Proof of his identity and a detailed account of his movements while attempting to reach the platform where Mr. Lincoln stood will be found in the following affidavits:

District of Columbia, County of Washington, ss.—John Plant, being duly sworn, says that he was a po-

liceman stationed at the east door of the rotunda in the capitol, near Maj. B. B. French, the commissioner of public buildings, on the day of the inauguration of President Lincoln in March, 1865. Soon after the president passed out of that door to the platform where the inaugural ceremonies were to be had, a stranger forcibly broke through the line formed by the police to keep off the crowd, and endeavored to gain the door where I was stationed, and through which the judges of the supreme court and the president had just passed. Lieut. Westfall seized this man, who seemed to be greatly excited, and after a severe struggle succeeded, with the assistance of others, in forcing him back. After the assassination of the president affiant was shown a picture of J. Wilkes Booth, which he and others recognized as the man whom Lieut. Westfall had prevented from getting to the platform on inauguration day.

JOHN PLANT.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of March, 1876.

JAS. A. TAIT.
(Seal.) Notary Public.

District of Columbia, Washington County, ss.—Charles C. Cleary of Washington city, being duly sworn, says that he was a policeman employed at the capitol in March, 1865; that he was present and on duty in the rotunda on the day of the second inauguration of President Lincoln, and was near the east door when he saw J. Wilkes Booth break through the line of policemen and make for the east portico; affiant saw J. W. Westfall seize Booth, and after a severe struggle he was forced back into the crowd. Affiant had seen Booth often, and states positively that the stranger who broke through the line on that occasion was no other person; affiant thought nothing of it at the time, but afterwards, when the president was assassinated, affiant remembered it; and when Booth's picture was shown to Maj. French he recognized it, and so did other policemen who were present; and affiant has no hesitancy in expressing the belief that Lieut. Westfall's prompt action on that day saved the life or prevented an attempt to take the life, of President Lincoln.

CHARLES C. CLEARY.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 23d day of March, 1866.

(Seal.) J. T. C. CLARK, J. P.

District of Columbia, Washington County, ss.—Otis S. Buxton of the state of New York, late doorkeeper of the house of representatives, being duly sworn, says that he was assistant doorkeeper of the house of representatives in 1865, and was in the capitol during the second inauguration of President Lincoln. Aboot the time the procession moved to the east door of the capitol affiant was walking from the senate chamber to the rotunda with a friend, when J. Wilkes Booth passed in affiant in great haste going in the direction of the rotunda. Affiant knew Booth well—had seen him often on the stage and off of it, here and elsewhere. Affiant's friend, speaking of Booth, who had just passed, said, "That man must be in a hurry." Affiant remarked, "That is Wilkes Booth." Affiant's friend did not know him, but said he had seen his father play. Affiant passed through the rotunda to the house of representatives, and heard shortly afterwards that a man had attempted to reach the platform in front of the east door by breaking through the ranks of the policemen, but had been prevented by the prompt action of the capitol police.

O. S. BUXTON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3d day of April, 1876.

(Seal.) JAS. A. TAIT,
Notary Public

District of Columbia, County of Washington, ss.—Robert Strong, a citizen of said county and district, being duly sworn, says that he was a policeman at the capitol on the day of the second inauguration of President Lincoln, and was stationed at the east door of the rotunda with Commissioner B. B. French at the time the president, accompanied by the judges and others, passed out to the platform where the ceremonies of inauguration were about to begin, when a man in a very determined and excited manner broke through the line of policemen which had been formed to keep the crowd out; that Lieut. Westfall immediately seized the stranger, and a considerable scuffle ensued. The stranger seemed determined to get to the platform where the president and his party were, but Lieut. Westfall called for assistance; the commissioner closed the door, or had it closed, and the intruder was finally thrust from the passage leading to the platform which was reserved for the president's party. After the president was assassinated, the singular conduct of this stranger on that day was frequently talked of by the policemen who observed it. Lieut. Westfall procured a photograph of the assassin Booth soon after the death of the president and showed it to Commissioner French in my presence and in the presence of several other policemen, and asked him if he had ever met that man. The commissioner examined it attentively and said, "Yes,; I would know that face among ten thousand; that is the man you had the scuffle with on inauguration day. That is the same man." Affiant also recognized the photograph. Lieut. Westfall then said, "This is the picture of J. Wilkes Booth." Maj. French exclaimed: "My God! what a fearful risk we ran that day!" ROBERT STRONG.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1876.

JAS. A. TAIT,
(Seal.) Notary Public.

District of Columbia, Washington County.—Wm. J. Belshan, being duly sworn, says that he was on duty as a policeman in the rotunda of the capitol on the day of the second inauguration of President Lincoln; that he was stationed about the middle of the line of policemen which was formed from the north to the east door; that he saw a stranger break through the line in a very determined and excited manner, and start for the east door through which the judges of the supreme court and the president had just passed. Lieut. Westfall ordered the man back, but he refused to go, when he was seized by Westfall and a severe struggle ensued. The east door was closed; assistance came to Westfall and the stranger was forced back into the crowd. The conduct of this man was much talked of by those who witnessed it on that occasion; and after the president was assassinated a photograph of Booth was shown to Maj. French, and he and I and others recognized it as the picture of the man who broke through the line on the day of the inauguration; and it was believed by us all that Booth attempted to reach the platform to assassinate the president, when he was prevented by Lieut. Westfall's vigilance on that occasion.

WM. J. BELSHAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1876.

(Seal.) JAS. A. TAIT,
Notary Public.

From these sworn statements it will be seen that Booth's plan was one of phenomenal audacity. So frenzied was the homicide that he determined to take the president's life at the certain sacrifice of his own, for nothing can be more certain than this, that the murder of Mr. Lincoln on that public occasion, in the presence of a vast concourse of admiring citizens, would have been instantly avenged. The infuriated populace would have torn the assassin to pieces; and this the desperate man doubtless knew.

From the hour of Mr. Lincoln's arrival in Washington on the 23d of February, 1861, until the night of April 14, 1865, he was in constant danger. On the one hand he was threatened by a band of conspirators madly bent on seizing his person and spiriting him away through the confederate lines; on the other, prowling miscreants watched for an opportunity to take his life; and there is no doubt that he would have been assassinated long before the collapse of the confederacy but for the constant and untiring vigilance of his friends by night and by day.

And yet it is a curious fact that, although Mr. Lincoln believed that his career would be cut short by violence, he was incorrigibly skeptical as to the agency and the agent in the unexpected tragedy, with one solitary exception. Elderly residents of Washington will remember one Garowski—a Polish exile, as many believed. He was an accomplished linguist, a revolutionist by nature, restless, revengeful, and of a fiery, ungovernable temper. He had been employed in the state department as a translator, I believe, but had quarreled with Mr. Seward, and was discharged. This caused him to pursue Lincoln, Seward and Sumner with bitter hatred. The curious will find in a published diary of his a fantastic classification of his enemies. The president he rated as "third class," according to his estimate of statesmanlike qualities. He had a first and second class, also, and there was a wide difference between them.

From this man Garowski, and from him alone, Mr. Lincoln really apprehended danger by a violent assault, although, as I have already stated, he knew not what the sense of fear was like. Mr. Lincoln more than once said to me: "So far as my personel safety is concerned Garowski is the only man who has given me a serious thought of a personal nature. From the known disposition of the man he is dangerous wherever he may be. I have sometimes thought that he might try to take my life. It is just like him to do such a thing."

Mr. Lincoln had in his great head no place for uncharitableness or suspicion; and this accounts for his singular indifference to the numberless cautions so earnestly and persistently pressed upon him by friends who knew the danger to which he was hourly exposed. He had a sublime faith in human nature; and in that faith he lived until the fatal moment when the nations of the earth were startled by a tragedy whose mournful consequences no man can measure.

The subject of his assassination is much too great to be treated of exhaustively in a single newspaper article. WARD H. LAMON.

Real Lincoln

J. WRIGHT

He has History 1 2

HE HAS A HISTORY.

A Man Who Saved Lincoln to the Nation.

Lives To-day in Boston Penniless and Destitute.

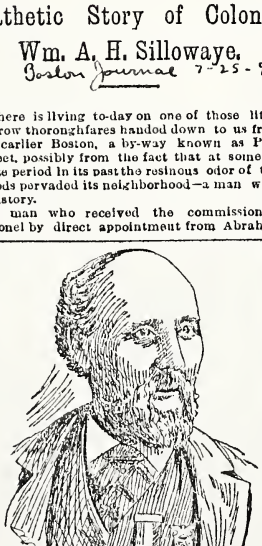
He May Starve or Go to the Poorhouse.

Pathetic Story of Colonel Wm. A. H. Sillowaye.

Boston Journal 7-25-93

There is living to-day on one of those little narrow thoroughfares handed down to us from the earlier Boston, a by-way known as Pine Street, possibly from the fact that at some remote period in its past the resinous odor of the woods pervaded its neighborhood—a man with a history.

A man who received the commission of Colonel by direct appointment from Abraham



COL. SILLOWAYE.

Lincoln, accompanied by a personal letter of thanks from the great war President for his gallantry in saving him from what appeared certain capture by the rebels on the Potomac River, near Point Tobacco, in May, 1863.

A man who took the President of the United States from a disabled steamer under fire from a Confederate battery, whose shot had crashed through the port paddle box, and conveyed him in an open boat to the Maryland shore and to safety.

If Abraham Lincoln had been lost to the Union cause at that hour in the fratricidal strife then raging, what might not have been the fate of this nation?

And the story of this man's bravery was ordered to be placed both upon the records of the War and of the Navy Departments by Secretaries Stanton and Welles.

The Gratitude of a Nation.

Yet to-day this man, to whom a grateful nation owes so much, is living in one small back room on an obscure street in the city of Boston, without employment, penniless, in arrears for rent, and with naught ahead of him but Tewksbury Almshouse unless he may speedily get something to do and obtain the means to pay off his indebtedness to his landlord of less than $12.

Years ago the fragrance of the pines left the atmosphere of Pine Street, and to-day the way is just a little, hot, fusty alley, with scarce width enough for an ordinary wagon between its curbs.

A long row of brick houses lines one side, while upon the other, for a good share of the distance, is all that remains of one of those old places for which ancient Boston was once so noted in the childhood of our grandfathers. Shade there is none, other than that afforded by the height of the houses.

On a warm Sunday, as the Journal man wended his way down this old-fashioned street, the long flights of high steps leading up into the recessed doorways of the dwellings were filled with their tenants from within, striving to get a whiff of what little air there might be drawing through the close and narrow byway.

That they were working people in the full enjoyment of their Sunday was evident, both from their manner of dress and mode of speech.

Col. Sillowaye.

Stopping at No. 8, the writer inquired for Col. Sillowaye, and was directed by the girl, who answered the bell to tap at the door at the end of the passage which led in to the left of the uncarpeted stairway.

An old man responded to the summons—a man rather under the average height, with silvery gray hair and the baldness of age.

His face was recognized at once by his visitor from a very excellent portrait of him in a published collection of war biographies with which the caller was familiar. He extended a courteous invitation to come in and be seated, which was at once accepted.

The apartment manifested by its scanty furnishing that it was at once parlor, sitting room, bed room and kitchen.

It contained a bed upon which was what had been a gay coverlid, in its pristine freshness, but was now faded and worn. There was an old sofa lounge, a couple of chairs and a cook stove. Upon the floor was a long faded tapestry carpet, which found itself in odd juxtaposition with its surroundings and companion furniture.

An air of decayed gentility pervaded the room and made itself felt by everything therein contained.

The Old Book Printer.

"Yes," said the old gentleman, with a smile, "I am Col. William Allen Huntley Sillowaye. You will find a good deal about me in this book"—producing a volume of Hammersley's collection of army and navy biographies, which he unwrapped from its brown paper covering.

"That was a condensed story," he said, "from an account of my life, which would make a book of seven hundred pages. It is in the main correct and I don't know that I could add anything to it.

"I am a book printer by trade and have been out of work for eight weeks. My last place of business was at Newton Upper Falls with the publishing company there. Work got slack and they laid me off, but said that they thought there would be something for me again with them in September.

"I have been out to Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s, in Cambridge, to see if I could get in there, but they had nothing for me to do just then, though I hope that I may get in there soon.

"I worked on a weekly paper at my last place, but a good deal of the hard work came at night, and I was obliged to be on hand next morning to attend to the addressing and mailing. I thought if I could get something less confining I would like it better, and it would be better for me.

"I am well enough for any ordinary work that it is not too exacting. All that I want is something to do.

The Story of a Rover.

"But I am getting along in years now and younger men have the call. Though I have tried pretty hard I can't somehow find anybody who wants a man just now. I am perfectly willing to work.

"This is my wife," introducing a lady who was sitting by a back window reading. "I have been married three times," he continued.

"I have one child, a daughter, living at Brookfield, Mass. I was born at Orange, Vt., and am in my 61st year. I went to learn the printer's trade at Haverhill, N. H., and worked at Lebanon and at Concord, in that State.

"I have worked in Boston on the old Yankee Blade, the Boston Times and the Boston Bee, also for Rockwell & Churchill.

"I published a paper at Hanover, N. H., called the Valley Star. That was in '53. Then I've been to New York. I published a paper there called the Unadilla Times.

"I have been a rover and have had charge of offices all over the country. I went over to England and worked at Oxford; that was where I met my first wife.

"Yes, I got the Greek text for Homan's Bible in that language. You see I had done that work here in this country when working for the Methodist Book Concern. I was a great reader in my younger days and quite a student. That was before the war, in '55.

Married in the Nobility.

"In 1859 I met and married my wife. She was the third daughter of Sir William Blakie and a niece of Sir Richard Houghton. Her uncle was knighted for bravery in the Crimean war. He was an officer at Balaklava. Her father was sent out to Canada afterward as a Judge, but her people were not wealthy, and had but their titles and their salaries. All of my people are poor.

"She came home with me to New York, where I was located at the outbreak of the Rebellion, and died during the war.

"I was a locomotive engineer as well as a printer. I learned the trade of a machinist and was employed upon locomotives at the Taunton locomotive works of William Mason. I used to run an engine with Forrest Eddy on the trial trips from Taunton.

"I was running the Unadilla Times when the call came in '61. I attached myself for a time to the Fifteenth New York Engineers and went out with them. I had an acquaintance with Scott from my newspaper experience, and soon obtained an appointment on detached service with the rank of Major. I was a mechanical engineer and was put in charge of the running of trains on the Alexandria railroad back and forth.

"I knew Gen. McClellan, too, and saw more or less of him when attending to my railroad service. He requested my services on his staff, and, at my own desire, I was permitted to accept a position with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. I was given detached service almost entirely, but saw hard fighting in the Seven Days' battles and at South Mountain.

A Spy in Richmond.

"I was with the Twentieth New York Engineers for a time, afterward re-enlisted as the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth New York Regiment. I was at White House and aided in destroying the stores there, and was also in the Pamunkey Bridge fight.

"While on the Peninsular Gen. McClellan wanted to obtain information as to the situation in Richmond. I told him that I was willing to try it, and I succeeded in getting through as an old ragged peddler. I was in Richmond for some little time selling tobacco and walking round the city. I got a pretty good idea of the troops then there, and was convinced that with but few more men then he then had McClellan could easily enter the city with his troops. I associated with several of their officers, and learned that a good many of their soldiers had been sent away from Richmond. I got back safely in the night and reported what I had seen. That led to McClellan's request for 25,000 men, which were not, however, given him. But I firmly believe he could have gone into the city at that time with comparative ease. Very soon after that the Confederate troops were increased and the opportunity was lost.

"In October I was captured, while on a similar expedition, though my captors did not know it. I was taken to Libby Prison and was confined just 14 days when a cartel arrived for an exchange.

"My name was not included, but when the names were called somebody said, 'That's you, come on.' I came.

A Close Call.

"Afterward I had reason to believe that the man that exchange was intended for was somebody by the name of Sullivan. At any rate my name was not on the list, but it was a lucky thing for me that I got out just as I did, for I could not have remained much longer in Richmond without my identity with the spy, who had made himself at home with their officers, would have come out, and then they would have made very short work of me.

"I had tendered my services to the President, and for nearly two years served without pay in and around Washington until I resigned in February, '63, and was then appointed an Acting First Assistant Engineer in the United States Navy and attached to the steamer Brooks, then used as a dispatch boat on the Potomac River.

"I had been wounded in the throat the September previous at South Mountain. I really disobeyed orders, but I was sent out on the left along the line and found a regiment had fallen back. The boys had lost their leaders. I was young then, and just wheeled my horse and shouted, 'Come on, men.' when the next instant I got it right here in the throat, and fell. I was in the hospital after that, and when I got out I resigned to go into the navy.

When Lincoln Came.

"I remember perfectly well the day that we had Lincoln on board the Brooks. He had been down to City Point and was coming back with us. We were running by Point Tobacco, when a Confederate battery opened fire on us, and whizz came a shot through our port paddles. There was no more turning of that wheel. The steamer stopped and began to drift. We could see them on the Virginia shore preparing to get a boat off to us. Captain Brooks, our commander, did not know what to do when I came on deck and said to him that we must get the President off at all hazards. I said I would go if we could get a crew. We were none too soon. The captain agreed, and a boat was manned and shoved off from our vessel. It was dusk, and the crew with their precious charge were soon lost in the shadows hovering over the river. They landed Mr. Lincoln in safety on the Maryland shore, where he remained in security until he could be transported to Washington.

"The Confederates boarded our vessel and demanded the President, whom they swore was aboard of us. They searched every nook and corner, and, not finding him, vented their wrath upon sick and disabled soldiers whom they found on board, finally leaving the ship, swearing vengeance on the North.

The President's Gratitude.

"Then, with my crew fully armed, I rowed President Lincoln up the river until we were met by a tug, and we transferred him to the safer craft.

"He wrote me a letter after it, and thanked myself and my men for what we did. My daughter has got that letter now, and nobody will see it until after I am dead. Secretary Stanton wrote me:

"'The President believes that you, under the guidance of Providence, saved him from capture, if not instant death, and has ordered that special record be made of your service upon the records of the War Department; and that when peace again comes to our land, you will surely be rewarded.'

"Secretary Welles wrote: 'In a conference

[CONTINUED ON THE EIGHTH PAGE.]

LOST

Mr L in Peril - 1 2

MR. LINCOLN IN PERIL.

THE MANY PLOTS TO KILL HIM.

His Narrow Escape at the Second Inauguration in 1865 — Documentary Evidence of a Daring Attempt Never Before Made Public.

By WARD H. LAMON.

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The fact that we have in this country a literature of assassination, "voluminous and vast," suggests a melancholy reflection on the disordered spirit of the times through which we have passed and on the woful perversity of human nature even under conditions most favorable to intellectual progress and Christian civilization. It is hurtful to our pride as Americans to confess that our history is marred by records so repugnant to the spirit of our liberal institutions and to the good-fellowship which ought to characterize both individual and national life in a free republic. But the appalling fact remains that two of our chief magistrates, within as many decades, were murdered in cold blood and that bulky volumes have been filled with circumstantial accounts of plots and conspiracies by and against men born upon our soil and enjoying the full protection of our laws. And yet, voluminous and extensive as these records are, they are by no means complete.

One most daring attempt upon the life of Mr. Lincoln, the boldest of all attempts of that character, and one which approached shockingly near to a murderous success, was never made public. For prudential reasons details were withheld from the press; but as the motives which imposed silence respecting a strange freak of homicidal frenzy are no longer operative it is perhaps a matter of duty to make public the story, together with certain documents which show in what deadly peril Mr. Lincoln stood during the ceremonies attending his second inauguration at the capitol in March, 1865. A glance at prior conspiracies will lead to a better understanding of the event to which these documents relate.

The Conspiracy Against Buchanan.

The first conspiracy, from motives of policy, had for its object the abduction of President Buchanan. There was intense disgust on the part of certain fiery and ferocious leaders in the secession movement with the conservative temper of the executive and ruling members of his cabinet. After fruitless attempts to bully the administration into a change of policy in harmony with his revolutionary scheme Mr. Wigfall, some time in the month of December, 1860, formed a plan for kidnaping Mr. Buchanan. A number of desperate men were banded together by him at Washington, and the details of the plot were discussed and agreed upon. The plan was to spirit Mr. Buchanan away, install Mr. Breckenridge in the white house and hold the captive president as a hostage until terms of compromise could be [illegible] to conservative democrats and republicans in the north. Mr. Wigfall and other choice spirits had [illegible] that their plan of accommodation [illegible] enforced through the ad interim [illegible]ve. The scheme, however, could not [illegible] in its first stage without the [illegible] and co-operation of Mr. Floyd, [illegible] Wigfall into a paroxysm of ex[illegible] wrath by flatly refusing to have anything to do with the enterprise. It was accordingly abandoned so far as Mr. Buchanan was concerned.

The much-talked-of attempt to assassinate Mr. Lincoln during his passage through Baltimore was not the work of the Wigfall coterie as an organized body of conspirators, but of that affair I cannot speak now, as it will require a separate paper to balance conflicting accounts already published, and to determine the measure of real danger involved and the claims of various gentlemen to special credit for services in a supposed emergency.

Assassination Preferred to Abduction.

When Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated in March, 1861, the organization of plotters was still intact; but no plan of assassination had, as yet, received the sanction of the conspirators as a body. It was their purpose to kidnap Mr. Lincoln and hold him in captivity, without injury to his person, until such concessions were made to the southern leaders as their plan of compromise rendered necessary. This second scheme of abduction having proved as abortive as the first, ripened at length into a more deadly purpose. Some of the more desperate among the conspirators, exasperated by repeated failures, resolved to dispose of Mr. Lincoln by the swifter and surer means afforded by the dagger or the bullet.

Circumstances, in a surprising way, seemed to favor their murderous designs. Against the protest of his friends, who, by detective means, had obtained from the plotters many of their secrets, Mr. Lincoln made the Soldiers' home his summer residence. Abduction or assassination—either could be accomplished without difficulty, the conspirators thought. They resolved upon the latter. They would dispatch him during one of his lonely rides after nightfall from the white house to his summer retreat. The attempt was made. About 11 o'clock one night in August, 1862, a miscreant lurked near the roadway watching for the president of the United States. It was at the foot of the hill where the road turns into the home grounds. Immersed in deep thought, a man on horseback, unattended and wholly unconscious of impending danger, was moving along at a jogging gate. He was recognized; there was a loud report and a hissing ball passed very near the rider's head. "Old Abe," as I called the noble animal, sprang forward and bore Mr. Lincoln in safety to the Soldiers' home. He had narrowly escaped death.

Mr. Lincoln Tells the Story.

The circumstances of this midnight adventure were related to me by Mr. Lincoln the next morning with the strangest mixture of gravity and humor that ever fell from the lips of man. It had been impossible to induce him to forego these lonely and dangerous journeyings between the executive mansion and the home. A stranger to fear, he often eluded our vigilance, and before his absence could be noted he would be well on his way to his summer residence, alone and many times at night. The vigilance, the anxiety, and the painful apprehensions of his friends will appear in the following extract from a memorandum written by Robert Lamon, who was deputy marshal of the District of Columbia during the war: . . . . . .

there for the single purpose of murdering the illustrious leader who, for the second time, was about to assume the burden of the presidency. That man was John Wilkes Booth. Proof of his identity and a detailed account of his movements while attempting to reach the platform where Mr. Lincoln stood will be found in the following affidavits:

John Wilkes Booth the Man.

"*District of Columbia, County of Washington, ss.:* John Plant being duly sworn says that he was a policeman stationed at the east door of the rotunda in the capitol near Maj. B. B. French, the commissioner of public buildings, on the day of the inauguration of President Lincoln in March, 1865. Soon after the president passed out of that door to the platform where the inaugural ceremonies were to be had. A stranger forcibly broke through the line formed by the police to keep off the crowd and endeavored to gain the door where I was stationed and through which the judges of the Supreme court and the president had just passed. Lieut. Westfall seized this man, who seemed to be greatly excited, and after a severe struggle succeeded, with the assistance of others, in forcing him back. After the assassination of the president affiant was shown a picture of J. Wilkes Booth, which he and others recognized as the man whom Lieut. Westfall had prevented from getting to the platform on inauguration day.

"*John Plant.*

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of March, 1876.

"*James A. Tait*, Notary Public."

"*District of Columbia, Washington County, ss.:* Charles C. Cleary of Washington city being duly sworn says that he was a policeman employed at the capitol in March, 1865; that he was present and on duty in the rotunda on the day of the second inauguration of President Lincoln, and was near the east door when he saw J. Wilkes Booth break through the line of policemen and make for the east portico; affiant saw J. W. Westfall seize Booth, and after a severe struggle he was forced back into the crowd. Affiant had seen Booth often and states positively that the stranger who broke through the line on that occasion was no other person; affiant thought nothing of it at the time, but afterward, when the president was assassinated, affiant remembered it; and when Booth's picture was shown to Maj. French he recognized it, and so did other policemen who were present; and affiant has no hesitancy in expressing the belief that Lieut. Westfall's prompt action on that day saved the life, or prevented an attempt to take the life, of President Lincoln.

"*Charles C. Cleary.*

"Sworn and subscribed before me this 23d day of March, 1876. *John T. C. Clark*, J. P."

"*District of Columbia, Washington County, ss.:* Otis S. Baxton of the state of New York, late doorkeeper of the house of representatives, being duly sworn, says that he was assistant doorkeeper of the house of representatives in 1865 and was in the capitol during the second inauguration of President Lincoln. ~~About the time the procession~~ moved to the east door of the capitol affiant was walking from the senate chamber to the rotunda with a friend when J. Wilkes Booth passed affiant in great haste, going in the direction of the rotunda. Affiant knew Booth well—had seen him often on the stage and off of it, here and elsewhere. Affiant's friend, speaking of Booth, who had just passed, said: 'That man must be in a hurry.' Affiant remarked: 'That is Wilkes Booth.' Affiant's friend did not know him, but said he had seen his father play. Affiant passed through the rotunda to the house of representatives and heard shortly afterward that a man had attempted to reach the platform in front of the east door by breaking through the ranks of the policemen, but had been prevented by the prompt action of the capitol police.

"*O. S. Baxton.*

"Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3d day of April, 1876.

"*James A. Tait*, Notary Public."

"*District of Columbia, County of Washington, ss.:* Robert Strong, a citizen of said county and district, being duly sworn, says that he was a policeman at the capitol on the day of the second inauguration of President Lincoln, and was stationed at the east door of the rotunda with Commissioner B. B. French at the time the president, accompanied by the judges and others, passed out to the platform where the ceremonies of inauguration were about to begin, when a man in a very determined and excited manner broke through the line of policemen which had been formed to keep the crowd out. Lieut. Westfall immediately seized the stranger and a considerable scuffle ensued. The stranger seemed determined to get to the platform where the president and his party were, but Lieut. Westfall called for assistance, the commissioner closed the door, or [illegible] closed, and the [illegible] was finally thrust from the passage leading to the platform which was reserved for the president's party. After the president was assassinated the singular conduct of this stranger [illegible] frequently talked of by the policemen [illegible] it. Lieut. Westfall procured a [illegible] of the assassin Booth soon after the death of the president and

showed it to Commissioner French in my presence and in the presence of several other policemen, and asked him if he had ever met that man. The commissioner examined it attentively and said: 'Yes, I would know that face among 10,000; that is the man you had the scuffle with on inauguration day. That is the same man.' Allianl also recognized the photograph. Lieut. Westfall then said: 'This is the picture of J. Wilkes Booth.' Maj. French exclaimed: 'My God! what a fearful risk we ran that day!' * * *

"*Robert Strong.*

"Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1876.

"*James A. Tait*, Notary Public."

"*District of Columbia, Washington County, ss.:* William J. Balshan, being duly sworn, says that he was on duty as a policeman in the rotunda of the capitol on the day of the second inauguration of President Lincoln; that he was stationed about the middle of the line of policemen, which was formed from the north to the east door; that he saw a stranger break through the line in a very determined and excited manner and start for the east door, through which the judges of the Supreme court and the president had just passed. Lieut. Westfall ordered the man back, but he refused to go, when he was seized by Westfall and a severe struggle ensued. The east door was closed; assistance came to Westfall and the stranger was forced back into the crowd. The conduct of this man was much talked off by those who witnessed it on that occasion, and after the president was assassinated a photograph of Booth was shown to Maj. French, and he and I and others recognized it as the picture of the man who broke through the line on the day of the inauguration, and it was believed by us all that Booth attempted to reach the platform to assassinate the president when he was prevented by Lieut. Westfall's vigilance on that occasion. *William J. Balshan.*

"Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1876.

"*James A. Tait*, Notary Public."

From these sworn statements it will be seen that Booth's plan was one of phenomenal audacity. So frenzied was the homicide that he determined to take the president's life at the certain sacrifice of his own; for nothing can be more certain than this, that the murder of Mr. Lincoln on that public occasion, in the presence of a vast concourse of admiring citizens, would have been instantly avenged. The infuriated populace would have torn the assassin to pieces, and this the desperate man doubtless knew.

Mr. Lincoln's Constant Danger.

From the hour of Mr. Lincoln's arrival in Washington on the 23d of February, 1861, until the night of April 14, 1865, he was in constant danger. On the one hand he was threatened by a band of conspirators madly bent on seizing his person and spiriting him away through the confederate lines; on the other, prowling miscreants watched for an opportunity to take his life, and there is no doubt that he would have been assassinated long before the collapse of the confederacy but for the constant and untiring vigilance of his friends by night and by day.

"In the early part of the night my brother came to me and asked me to join him in a search for Mr. Lincoln. He was greatly disturbed. We drove rapidly toward the Soldiers' home, and as we were leaving the 7th street road we met a carriage. Behind it we could see in the darkness a man on horseback. My brother, who seemed unusually suspicious, commanded the party to halt. His order was instantly obeyed. "Who are you?" he demanded, in the same peremptory tone. A voice from within the carriage responded; "Why do you ask?" The speakers recognized each other. The one in the carriage was Secretary Stanton and the man behind it was one of his orderlies. "Where is Mr. Lincoln?" asked Stanton. "I have been to the Soldiers' home and he is not there. I am exceedingly uneasy about him. He is not at the white house." "No," said my brother, "he is not there; I have looked for him everywhere." We hurried back to the city. Arriving at the white house before Mr. Stanton we found Mr. Lincoln walking across the lawn. My brother went with him to the war department and from there took him to his [Lamon's] house, where Mr. Lincoln slept that night and the three or four nights following, Mrs. Lincoln being at that time in New York."

My anxiety about Mr. Lincoln that evening grew out of a report of an alarming character made to me by one of my detectives. Stanton had threatening news also, and was excited about Mr. Lincoln's safety. He told me that he never had so great a scare in his life as he had that night. The brusque secretary thought Bob and I were assassins. The incident provoked much merriment between the parties concerned, no one enjoying the serio-comic part of it more than did Mr. Lincoln.

The Plot at the Second Inauguration.

Meanwhile the conspirators, becoming alarmed for their own safety, observed a stricter caution. Their movements were embarrassed by the escort of cavalry which Mr. Lincoln was induced to accept after prolonged importunities by those who had certain knowedge of the dangers to which he was exposed. Lost opportunities, baffled hopes, exasperating defeats served only to heighten the deadly determination of the plotters; and so matters drifted on until the day of Mr. Lincoln's second inauguration. A tragedy was planned for that day which has no parallel in the history of criminal audacity, if considered as nothing more than a crime intended. Its consummation would have been immeasurably more tragical than the awful scene witnessed at Ford's theater on the memorable 14th of April following.

Everybody knows what throngs assemble at the capitol to witness the imposing ceremonies attending the inauguration of a president of the United States. It is amazing that any human being could have seriously entertained the thought of assassinating Mr. Lincoln in the presence of such a concourse of citizens. And yet there was such a man in that assemblage. He was

And yet it is a curious fact that although Mr. Lincoln believed that his career would be cut short by violence he was incorrigibly skeptical as to the agency and the agent in the expected tragedy, with *one* solitary exception. Elderly residents of Washington will remember one Garowski, a Polish exile, as many believed. He was an accomplished linguist, a revolutionist by nature, restless, revengeful, and of a fiery, ungovernable temper. He had been employed in the state department as a translator, I believe, but had quarreled with Mr. Seward and was discharged. This caused him to pursue Lincoln, Seward, and Sumner with bitter hatred. The curious will find in a published diary of his a fantastic classification of his enemies. The president he rated as "third class," according to his estimate of statesmanlike qualities. He had a first and second class also, and there was a wide difference between them.

Garowski and His Dangerous Nature.

From this man Garowski, and from him alone, Mr. Lincoln really apprehended danger by a violent assault, although, as I have already stated, he knew not what the sense of fear was like. Mr. Lincoln more than once said to me: "So far as my personal safety is concerned, Garowski is the only man who has given me a serious thought of a personal nature. From the known disposition of the man he is dangerous wherever he may be. I have sometimes thought that he might try to take my life. It is just like him to do such a thing."

Mr. Lincoln had in his great head no place for uncharitableness or suspicion, and this accounts for his singular indifference to the numberless cautions so earnestly and persistently pressed upon him by friends who knew the danger to which he was hourly exposed. He had a sublime faith in human nature; and in that faith he lived until the fatal moment when the nations of the earth were startled by a tragedy whose mournful consequences no man can measure.

The subject of his assassination is much too great to be treated of exhaustively in a single newspaper article.

Did He Plan to Assassinate Lincoln?

1907 —

In Harper's Col. W. H. Crook, who was Lincoln's personal body guard, tells how a mysterious stranger whom he believes to have been Surrat attempted to reach President Lincoln at City Point.

"Not long before the final assault upon Petersburg," says Col. Crook, "a curious incident happened. A man came on board the River Queen and asked Captain Bradford if he could see the President. He was referred to me. Mr. Lincoln instructed me not to admit any one but General Grant or Admiral Porter, so I told the man that the President was not to be seen. The visitor became very much excited. He said that he had rendered Mr. Lincoln valuable services in Illinois during his campaign for the presidency and had spent large sums of money. He was in trouble; he must see the President. He protested that he was known to Mr. Lincoln personally. I asked his name. At first he refused to give it, but finally said that it was 'Smith,' and that he lived near Mr. Lincoln's home in Illinois.

"I went to the President and carried 'Smith's' message. Mr. Lincoln laughed at first. 'Smith is, of course, an uncommon name.' Then he became serious. 'If what he says is true, I would know him. But I do not. The man is an impostor, and I won't see him.'

"I went back to 'Smith' with the President's answer. The man was very much disturbed and again begged to be allowed to see him. When that failed he tried to bribe me to take him to Mr. Lincoln. I ordered him to leave the boat at once, and when he delayed told him I would have him arrested if he did not. He turned to Captain Bradford and said, defiantly: 'If Mr. Lincoln does not know me now he will know me damned soon after he does see me.' He went on shore and the moment after he had crossed the gangplank he disappeared. I watched him, but could not see where he had gone.

"After the death of Mr. Lincoln, every one was anxious to discover the accomplices of the murderer. I called attention to this man 'Smith' who had tried to be admitted to Lincoln's presence at City Point. It was known that Surrat had been at City Point at that time, and I was requested to visit Surrat and see if I could identify him as 'Smith.' I went to court and Taddie went with me. I had seen Surrat before the war; we had lived in the same county in Maryland. I think 'Smith' and Surrat were the same man. It was impossible, however, for me to be absolutely sure. For 'Smith' was ragged and dirty and very much sunburnt; he looked like a tramp. While Surrat, at the time I saw him, looked like a very sick man, pale and emaciated. In every other respect they looked alike. The difference in appearance might easily have been brought about by circumstances or by a slight disguise. I shall always believe that Surrat was seeking an opportunity to assassinate the President at this time."

How Lincoln Managed Stanton.

To expressions of a natural impatience, Mr. Lincoln opposed a placid front. More than that, he was placid. He knew Secretary Stanton's intense, irritable nature. He knew how the excitement of the time tried men's tempers and shattered their nerves. He, himself, apparently, was the only one who was not to be allowed the indulgence of giving way. So Mr. Stanton's indignations passed unnoticed. The two men were often at variance when it came to matters of discipline in the army. On one occasion I have heard, Secretary Stanon was particularly angry with one of the generals. He was eloquent about him. "I would like to tell him what I think of him!" he stormed. 1907

"Why don't you?" Mr. Lincoln agreed. "Write it all down—do."

Mr. Stanton wrote his letter. When it was finished he took it to the President. The President listened to it all.

"All right. Capital!" he nodded. "And now Stanton, what are you going to do with it?"

"Do with it? Why, send it, of course."

"I wouldn't," said the President. "Throw it in the waste paper basket."

—Col. W. H. Crook, in Harper's.

death threat

J WRIGHT

LINCOLN LORE

Bulletin of the Lincoln National Life Foundation - - - - - - Dr. Louis A. Warren, Editor.
Published each week by The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

No. 226 FORT WAYNE, INDIANA August 7, 1933

NEAR TRAGEDIES IN LINCOLN'S LIFE

When a person rises from obscurity to occupy a place of prominence, many incidents in his life usually forgotten are remembered and accentuated as the individual's fame becomes more firmly established. This is especially true of any events which might have ended prematurely an illustrious career.

The fact that Lincoln's life was brought to a close with what has been called the outstanding individual tragedy in our American history should stimulate an interest in the various occasions when Lincoln's life is said to have "hung by a thread."

Chilled at Birth

It would appear from the following tradition which has been given wide circulation that Abraham Lincoln got off to a bad start. According to the author of the book which published the story, Abraham Enlow, a neighbor of the Lincolns, arrived at the birthplace cabin just in time to save the child's life. Thomas Lincoln is alleged to have been away from home and Enlow found the family without food or fuel.

Mrs Lincoln said to him, "I have a baby, a boy, born early this morning. O, Mr. Enlow, do something for him." The compiler of the tradition says that "The backwoodsman raised the scant covering and there lay an infant, blue from cold. . . . The little drawn face had upon it the imprint of death." Of course Mr. Enlow built a fire that "leaped high and bright in the stick chimney" and the warmth necessary for the survival of the child was provided.

Fell In Creek

Lincoln's narrow escape from drowning is a story familiar to all who have read about the boyhood of the emancipator. One of the early biographers gives this version of the story: "One of Abraham's adventurous sports was to catch hold of a branch of a sycamore tree and swing over the water (Knob Creek). One day when indulging in this risky sport with his no less venturesome playmate Austin Gollaher he lost his hold of the limb and plunged into the water. If Gollaher had not been a cool, smart, efficient boy Thomas Lincoln would have lost a good son on that day and the United States of America a good President. But Gollaher was equal to the occasion and by brave efforts succeeded in delivering 'Abe' from a watery grave."

Kicked by a Horse

One incident which happened in Lincoln's youth he felt to be of sufficient importance to incorporate in an autobiographical sketch prepared in the third person for Scripps. He said, "In his tenth year he was kicked by a horse and apparently killed for a time." Herndon enlarges on the story and reviews the incident with more detail:

"One day, taking a bag of corn, he mounted the old flea-bitten gray mare and rode leisurely to Gordon's mill. Arriving somewhat late, his turn did not come till almost sundown. In obedience to the custom requiring each man to furnish his own power he hitched the old mare to the arm, and as the animal moved around, the machinery responded with equal speed. Abe was mounted on the arm, and at frequent intervals made use of his whip to urge the animal on to better speed. . . . The old jade, resenting the continued use of the goad, elevated her shoeless hoofs and striking the young engineer in the forehead, sent him sprawling to the earth. Miller Gordon hurried in, picked up the bleeding senseless boy, whom he took for dead, and at once sent for his father. Old Thomas Lincoln came—came as soon as embodied listlessness could move—loaded the lifeless boy in a wagon and drove home. Abe lay unconscious all night, but towards break of day the attendants noticed signs of returning consciousness."

Attacked by Negroes

Another incident of Lincoln's early years is also recorded by him in the same sketch mentioned above:

"When he was nineteen, still residing in Indiana, he made his first trip upon a flatboat to New Orleans. He was a hired hand merely, and he and a son of the owner, without other assistance, made the trip. The nature of part of the 'cargo-load,' as it was called, made it necessary for them to linger and trade along the sugar-coast; and one night they were attacked by seven negroes with intent to kill and rob them. They were hurt some in the melee, but succeeded in driving the negroes from the boat, and then 'cut cable,' 'weighed anchor,' and left."

Mental Collapse

William Herndon is responsible for the statement that after Ann Rutledge died Lincoln had a serious mental collapse which it was feared might result in Lincoln taking his own life. This tradition has largely been discredited by most recent authors as his activities in court and public life during this period do not support this oft-repeated story. This is the Herndon version:

"Mr. Lincoln was strangely wrought up over the sad ending of the affair. He had fits of great mental depression, and wandered up and down the river and into the woods woefully abstracted—at times in the deepest distress. . . . He was watched with especial vigilance during damp, stormy days, under the belief that dark and gloomy weather might produce such a depression of spirits as to induce him to take his own life."

Challenged to a Duel

There is an event in Lincoln's life that he did not mention in any of his autobiographical sketches and did not care to have others mention in his presence. It was his difficulty with Shields. The challenge grew out of some articles which Lincoln was alleged to have written for the Journal which were derogatory to Shields. Shields challenged Lincoln and he accepted. The weapons were decided upon and both men prepared to the scene of conflict. While it is not likely that Lincoln would have been dispatched had the duel come off as scheduled, yet the hazard was there and it may properly be called one of the near tragedies of Lincoln's life.

A Target on Land and Sea

Lincoln was constantly in danger even while in Washington. This story told by a sentinel illustrates one of many similar traditions extant:

"One night I was doing sentinel duty, at the entrance to the Soldiers' Home. This was about the middle of August, 1864. About 11 o'clock I heard a rifle shot in the direction of the city, and shortly afterwards I heard approaching hoof beats. In two or three minutes a horse came dashing up. I recognized the belated President. The President was bareheaded. The President simply thought that his horse had taken fright at the discharge of the firearms.

"On going back to the place where the shot had been heard, we found the President's hat. It was a plain silk hat, and upon examination we discovered a bullet hole through the crown."

Not only on land but on sea Lincoln was a target for his enemies as the following reminiscence of a marine will reveal:

"In February, 1863, I was appointed an Acting First Engineer in the United States Navy and attached to the steamer Brooks, then used as a dispatch boat on the Potomac River.

"I remember perfectly well the day that we had Lincoln on board the Brooks. He had been down to City Point and was coming back with us. We were running by Point Tobacco, when a Confederate battery opened fire on us, and whizz came a shot through out port paddles. There was no more turning of that wheel. The steamer stopped and began to drift. We could see them on the Virginia shore preparing to get a boat off to us. . . ."

Lincoln, however, due to the efforts of Col. Sillowaye, was landed safely on the Maryland shore, and the colonel claimed to have received a letter from Secretary Stanton as follows:

"The President believes that you, under the guidance of Providence, saved him from capture, if not instant death, and has ordered that special record be made of your service upon the records of the War Department."